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Address all correspondence to:

Aldebaran
Roger Williams College
Bristol, Rhode Island 02809

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Jan Long

EXCERPT FROM THE LOVER'S ALMANAC

A fire started in the saliva
she left on his skin.

The moon was a cool sponge.

"This is basic," she told him
with her fingernail blessing his spine.

The night laughed smoothly
and summer promised again

to be green.

Cliff Saunders

ODE TO MARIJUANA

Rainbows tattoo the puddles
spilling into the streets.
Here, nobody is famous.

Night closes the city
like a satisfied womb,
meteor showers falling inside
the dreams of children.

I feel so guilty,
I can't even open
the umbrella of discontent.

We are all intruders,
crawling along the horizon
on hands and knees.

The flowers still bloom
when the dead tighten
their cracking fingers
and choke the roots.

Cliff Saunders

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

If you could reach out
and carry the moon
with your hand, it would only
make your footprints deeper.

KARMA

Before the last autumn leaf
has a chance to land,
the first snowflake strikes it
like a mother slapping her child.

Robin Boyd

THE VISITOR

You appear at the door a frightened mole,
burrow beneath us.

So slight and black,
the light ignites your eyes.

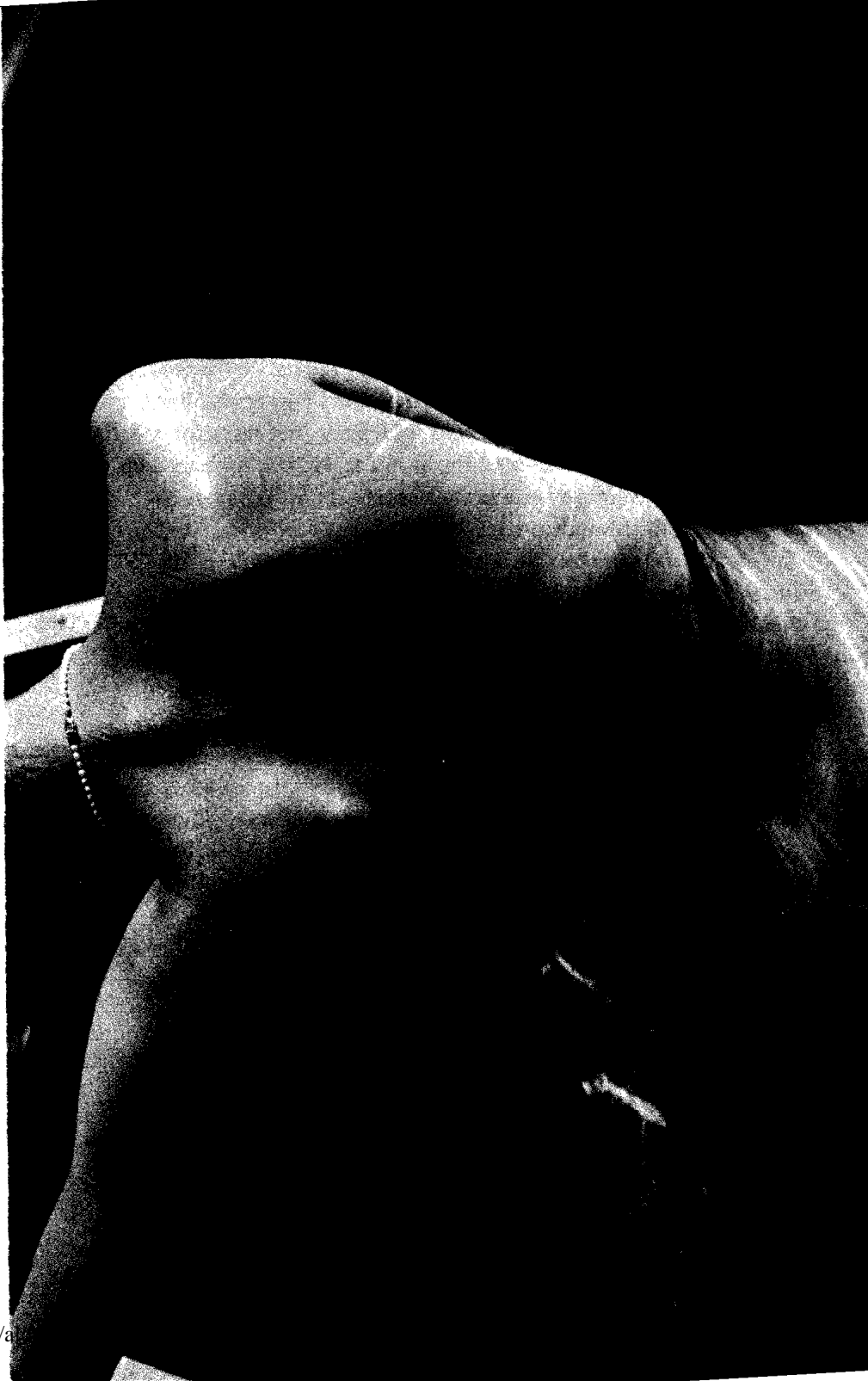
You reach for the shadow that slumbers beside me,
I plead with you in soft caverns of sleep.

Your eyes are cooled burners,
my crotch gathers moisture with the dawn.

You praise my upturned breasts,
changing curves allure me.

Interlocking pieces in a jigsaw puzzle,
similar poles repelling.

I offer you a rented window,
I give you the sunset as if it were my own.



James Lee Burke

ARTHUR BOUDREAU IS OUT THERE

In this age of fascination with guilt, collective or otherwise, and introspection and national remorse, I enjoy recalling my parochial high school days of over twenty years ago and one character in particular.

Every school used to have one like him. You remember him. He wore tennis shoes without socks, bluejeans that were too small for him, T shirts rolled up over the armpits. He had jug ears and acne and a burr haircut even in the winter. At St. Aquinas his name was Arthur Boudreau.

Arthur was the one who had a new prank everyday. He flushed M-80s down the commodes, and by the time the fuse had burned through the center the firecracker was deep enough in the plumbing system to blow water all over every john in the building, and God help the poor soul who was seated in the wrong place. He shotgunned whole classrooms by throwing rotten bananas through the back of the ventilator fan; he dumped ink wells in the goldfish bowls, thumbtacked girls' dresses to the desks so that they tore off their clothes when the bell rang, put formaldehyde-soaked frogs from the biology lab in people's sandwiches, and stuck huge globs of bubblegum on the nuns' chairs before they sat down.

But these were ordinary capers for Arthur that didn't require his real imagination. When the occasion arose he could always outdo his best pranks which had already slipped into the high school legend. Once, he put a dog turd in the holy water fount, but just as he was streaking out the side door of the vestibule, Sister Uberta came into the cathedral to say her afternoon rosary. She was the roughest disciplinarian in the school, and infamous for the punishments she could deal out: pulling hair, making you keep your knuckles folded while she whacked them with a tri-

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

corner ruler, or making you diagram compound sentences until five in the afternoon. She watched Arthur race across the grass towards the school, then dipped her hand into the fount to cross herself. Before she touched her brow she sniffed at the air, then at her hand, and her face went white as though all the eighth graders had broken wind in unison. Her eyes focused on the floating brown object in the fount, and she started to tremble all over. Father Higgins had to leave the confessional and walk her back down the breezeway to the convent.

This time Arthur had gone too far. Another session with Father Higgins and his razor strop was a waste of time. There was no point in talking to the boy's parents, because they had given up years ago. Instead, he would have to make confession to Bishop Mouton.

Which was particularly hard for Arthur, because once he had been caught cutting off the air stems on the bishop's tires. Also, Bishop Mouton was a pompous and self-righteous old fellow, one of those high clergymen from an earlier time who looked with great regret on the advent of democracy within the Church. Arthur suffered through his confession at the bishop's home on a Friday afternoon in Lent. He knelt before the bishop to receive his absolution and thought he was through, but evidently because of the Lenten season the bishop had come up with a fitting penance for Arthur — fifty rosaries and ten tours of the stations of the cross.

Then Bishop Mouton extended his left hand, which wore a ring with the seal of the Church embossed on it. It was always customary on these occasions to kiss the seal out of reverence for the Church.

Arthur got to his feet, working his cigarette pack out of his bluejeans, and said:

"Before I kiss that finger I want to know where it's been."

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

In the tenth grade, when we were allowed to choose our own classes, the teachers found that Arthur Boudreau was a bane to them in a way which they hadn't considered before. During registration week, everyone would try to find out which classes Arthur had signed up for, and then those particular classes would be inundated with enrollees because we all knew that we had a four month carnival ahead of us at the teacher's expense. This huge academic following that Arthur developed in the tenth grade came right after one of his most legendary pranks.

On the second floor of the building there was a room with a hole in the floor that had been left when a heating pipe was removed. The teachers always kept a piece of plywood and a throw-rug over it, but during second period there was no class in that room and Arthur used it to smoke cigarettes in after he crept on his hands and knees out of study hall. Immediately below was Mrs. Lemon's English literature class. Mrs. Lemon had blue hair, dentures that made her lisp and shower the front row, and a habit of clicking her fingernails on the glasses she wore on a red felt ribbon around her neck when she was impatient with an answer from a student. As a lay teacher (and they had only a marginal standing there at the school) she was considered a classroom terror because she knew how to bore in on anyone who took her or her lesson casually. In the tenth grade, the girls from Sacred Heart were incorporated into our school, which was a joy to us all, but in Mrs. Lemon's class the boys and girls were divided on each side of the room and a moment's bright glance wasn't allowed across the other side of the aisle.

And possibly this was the reason that Arthur chose her as the target for one of his best pranks. It was May, when early summer really breaks loose in southern Louisiana, and we could smell the jasmine and wisteria and azalea through the open windows, the salt wind blowing off the Gulf, the *sac-a-lait* and bream breeding beneath the lily pads in the bayou, a hint of a green-gold after-

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

noon after three o'clock. Each of us looked across the aisle at the girls we would cane-fish with that afternoon, or walk down to Melancon's ice cream parlor, or just play softball with behind the cathedral.

But Mrs. Lemon caught it, too, and she said that we were all coming in at three o'clock for two hours of memorization from *Beowulf*. Just as she made her announcement, her gums adjusting again to her dentures, Arthur Boudreau's dong dropped through the hole in the ceiling. He had unzipped his bluejeans, lain prone on the floor upstairs, and poked it through like an obscene light-bulb. It hung there, swinging in the breeze from the window, a golden ornament from classical times. We screamed in delight, hooting and sailing books in the air. Mrs. Lemon couldn't control her dentures. They slipped out of her mouth and she tried to push them back with her thumb. We screamed louder and banged the desks, which Arthur must have taken as encouragement, because he began to wag it back and forth. Mrs. Lemon ran out of the room with her palm pressed to her mouth, and we could hear her flat shoes clacking up the wood stairway to the second floor. Then Arthur's dong disappeared, and just before we heard Mrs. Lemon tear open the door upstairs he came sliding down the drain past our window into the patio, his trousers still unzipped. A chorus of cheers went up, and he smiled back at us as he raced for the gym.

But Arthur's boldness and his role as a benevolent monster did not come on him all of a sudden. Nor was he simply a human aberration. Early on in his career as a prankster he learned the power that lay in being unrepentant, in refusing to accept all the equations that are normally a foregone conclusion among ordinary people. He learned that the guilt inculcated in him by others was not only debilitating, but its rejection gave him the edge of a Spartan soldier charging into the center of the enemy's line.

Arthur's debut as a serious recalcitrant began with an incident in the fifth grade. Up until that time he was just one of several

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

boys who never did their homework, threw water bombs out of second story windows during recess, and put frogs and garter snakes in the nun's desk. But one day, while the rest of us were eating our sack lunches under the trees, he wrote SCREW YOU in red chalk across the blackboard. After the bell rang and we filed back into the room, Sister Madeline glanced once at the blackboard, her face immobile, then sat behind her desk with her hands folded and gave us a quiet talk about why people wrote obscene words in public places. She said that often they were sick, or sometimes they just wanted attention because they lacked love in their own lives, or possibly they sought an authority to correct the problems which they couldn't solve themselves. However, in this instance, the person was probably just an exhibitionist.

She said she wouldn't call in Father LeBlanc to handle the discipline problem, which always meant someone would be pounding erasers for two hours after school. Instead, we would all put our heads down on the desk and keep our eyes shut and she would leave the room for three minutes. During that time the guilty person could erase what he had written, and the matter would be forgotten.

We buried our faces in our arms, our eyes tightly shut, and heard her small patent leather shoes click softly down the hall. Then a desk scraped in back, the wood floor creaked with the weight of the culprit approaching the front of the room, and we heard the eraser brushing rapidly on the blackboard. Then there was another sound, unexpected and prolonged — the chalk striking in artistic slashes across the slate. The boards in the floor bent again under the culprit's weight, his desk scraped back into position, and a moment later Sister Madeline walked into the room and beamed at us in her kindest fashion.

Then she heard the snickers, the laughter that caught in our throats, and saw the tears of glee welling into our eyes. She turned

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

and stared at the blackboard in disbelief. There it was, in red chalk letters that could have been scorched on the slate with a martyr's hot finger, Arthur Boudreau's message to the world:

SCREW YOU TWICE
THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN.

Each year Arthur grew more dear to us. He became our collective voice against the authority that reduced the rest of us to obedient altar boys and members of Sodality Sunday. After any humiliating experience with one of the nuns or priests, we sought him out on the school ground to report. We each knew that eventually he would get even for us. We came to have an almost religious faith in him.

And if any of us had ever doubted his power, he established our eternal belief in him with an incident that happened by chance in the eleventh grade. Our high school enemy was Loyola, which was located in the wealthy section of town, and each year we fought out a bloody football rivalry with them. It was particularly important to us, because our school was considered the poorest in the parish, the students all came from shanty Irish and Acadian French homes, and we had the reputation of graduating some of our class to the state penitentiary at Angola. That year we were tied with Loyola for first place in district, and the last game of the season we played them for the title at their homecoming in their stadium. It was a cold and clear night, perfect football weather, and in the first quarter we were high with expectation and cheap whiskey and thirst for their blood, but as the game progressed they wore our line down and crushed our boys all over the field. By half time the score was eighteen to nothing, and when our team walked to the dressing room, their helmets slung by their sides, their uniforms streaked with grass stains and mud, we knew that the rest of the evening was going to be a humiliating slaughter.

We felt miserable. The whiskey had lost its edge, our early joy

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

made us feel foolish, and we no longer cared about the parties we had planned for later that night. Their homecoming queen and her court rode out on the field in three new 1953 Ford convertibles, driven by uniformed Negro chauffeurs. The girls were dressed in ante-bellum hooped gowns that were covered with sequins, and their male escorts wore tuxedos and checkered cummerbunds. We hated the lot of them. The cars made one turn around the track, but instead of driving back off the field they drove slowly by our stands again. The homecoming queen and her court were smiling brightly, with victory and money and magic painted all over them. We withered impotently at the insult and brushed peanut shells off of our bluejeans and ground up hotdog wrappers in our palms.

Then Arthur stood up in the front row of the stands, his back to us, and shouted through his cupped hands:

“Take a douche!”

His single line seemed to cut through all the noise in the stadium. Then he stood up on the seat, facing the crowd, his arms waving in the air.

“Yeah, that’s it. Give it to them,” he shouted. “Take a douche! Take a douche! Take a douche!”

The cry caught on instantly. We rose to our feet, hundreds strong, even the girls, chanting in unison. The roar was deafening. Their band tried to drown us out, and Father LeBlanc ran up and down the stairs screaming at us to stop, but we reveled in our iniquity and filled the entire stadium with our anthem. We were the badass losers from the south side of the parish, and Arthur Boudreau was our maniacal leader, his shaved head covered with an aura from the arc lamps.

There are other stories to tell about Arthur that have nothing to do with his pranks, the ordinary occurrences that happened to him every two or three days in his high school career which he didn’t plan but which nevertheless became a part of his myth. For

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

example, on the senior excursion, when we chartered a paddle-wheel dance boat with a Dixieland band for a trip down Bayou Teche, Arthur got drunk on sloe gin and CocaCola. We heard a splash off the stern, then a rhythmic bumping sound under the keel. We all ran to the gunnel and looked down into the black water and the foam churning off the paddle wheel. Just as we were about to go back to the dance floor, the wheel came up with Arthur holding on with both arms and legs to one of the wood paddle blades. He went around three more times before he could get to the pilot house and tell the captain to shut off the engines.

But these types of stories about Arthur are not important. I think his importance lies somewhere else.

Two years ago I went back to Louisiana to do a magazine article on the twenty year reunion of my high school class. It was a mistake. Not only had time made itself embarrassingly evident in the fat on our bodies, the receding hairlines, the swollen hips and buttocks, the failed promise of our expectations (and sometimes just the inability to recall the names of classmates), but few of us could associate our present roles with what we had known of each other in the past. The hot-rodders who used to drink and whore on Railroad Avenue in New Iberia and outrun every cop in the parish were now insurance salesmen and finance managers, dim in memory about bar room fights and drunken nights in jail. The toughest kid in our class, one who was sure to end up in Angola, turned out to be a traffic patrolman in New Orleans. Our quarterback, who won an athletic scholarship to L.S.U., was a flabby drunk without a job. One man, whom I didn't remember at all, was a state senator and a possible candidate for governor. There was little common denominator between us any more. Then someone asked where Arthur Boudreau was. For just a few minutes, in the clink of ice in our glasses and the whiskey flush of memory rushing through us, we were all back in Mrs. Lemon's English class with Arthur's extension

James Lee Burke

Arthur Boudreau is Out There

hanging through the hole in the ceiling or following his obscene cheer in a football stadium in 1952.

Everyone there had heard some rumor about Arthur over the years: He was drafted and captured by the Chinese in the last days of the Korean War; he was committed to the state mental asylum; he was killed in an offshore oil rig blowout in Mississippi; he became a freight conductor for the Burlington Northern in Montana and was crippled when a load of logs fell on him.

But I believed none of them. Arthur Boudreau is still out there somewhere in America, messing up things, reminding the rest of us of what we are when we take ourselves seriously. I'm sure that right now there's a company supervisor, a behavioral scientist, a federal bureaucrat, or an educational administrator grinding his fist into his eye at the thought of facing Arthur across a desk in the morning. And that thought alone justifies all our hosannas.



Gus Hemenway

THE RIVER

I am sitting on a rock with my back to roots
that grasp the cutbank like claws,
bracing trees and river willow
that watch the water from the bank,
panthers speckled in the sun.
In front of me, the river tumbles noisily
over the bed, each drop a buffalo
clattering the stones with its hooves
in a vast, wild stampede, a blind movement
galloping downstream with endless, bustling noise
that means nothing.
I can sense beginnings:
of rain water dropping off leaves
and evolution from trickles to brooks and streams
and its unseen end, extinct finally
at the hot salt of the panting ocean.
The river follows down between the banks,
confined by them as by a valley.
But it is the herd that dug the valley
down to the bare rock: the cow and the bull
that without reason chased magnetism;
the strays that wandered and died
at the teeth of trees, or that found again
the stream; the tributaries born like calves;
the spirit and rhythm of the dying and the dead
pushing, crushing, eating, destroying
but building, continuing, living on, unquestioningly,
without reason — transcending reason
in an insane flood.

Gus Hemenway

ICE

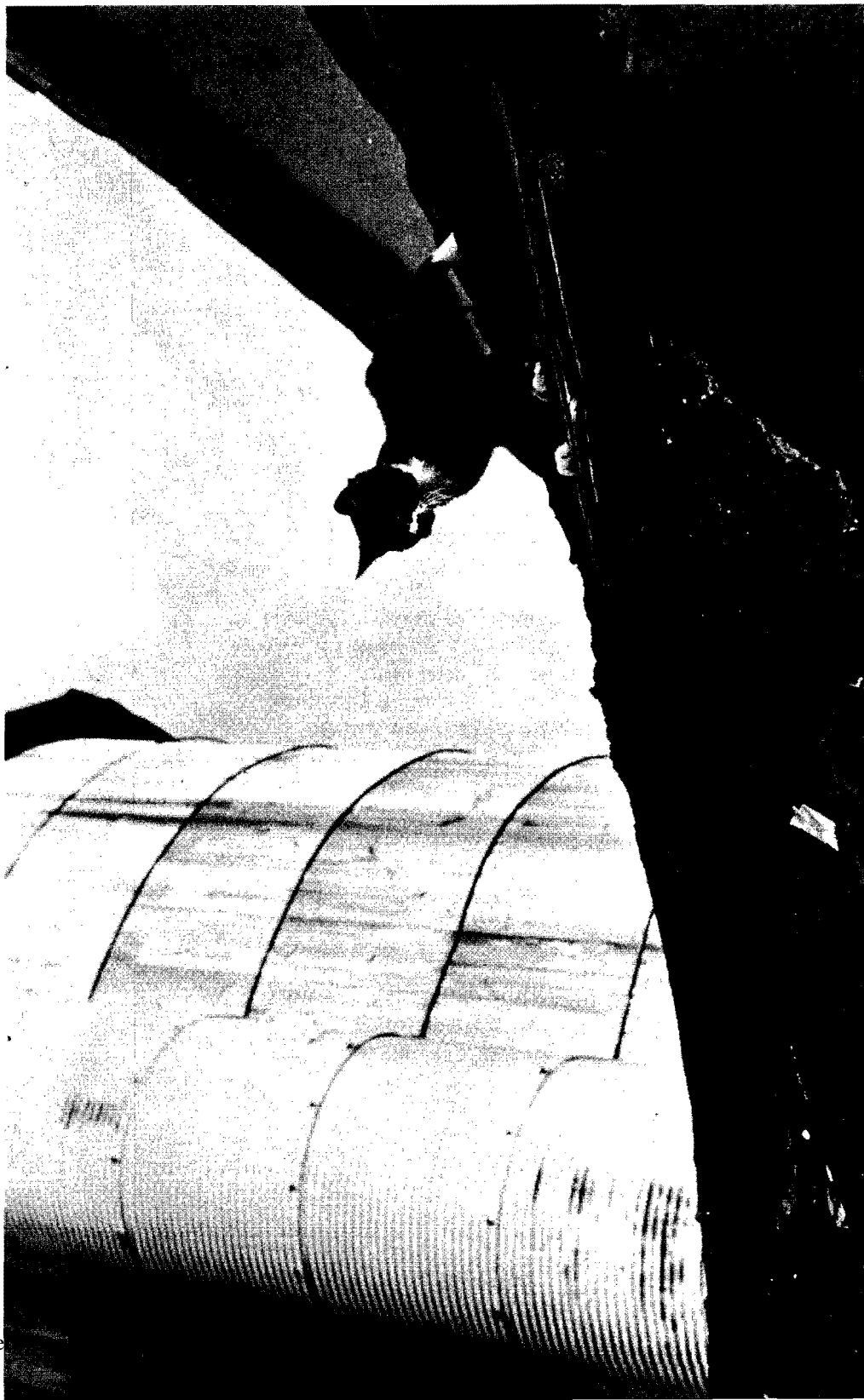
A twig fire woven upon snow crust
burns a black smoke
that is like a part of me.
Dusk rises.
The glowing sun melts through the snow
not unlike fire.
The clouds it is burning
are like a part of me.
So still it becomes as the heat of day
passes. Melt-off locks
into place within ice,
and streams stop. This too
is like a part of me.
I am built layer upon layer
as day is upon day, ice upon ice

From a diary

Shari Berkowitz

CARROW

I call to the cat
my voice
rolled in cinnamon
rolling over the syllables
tasting each sugary tip
“Carrow,”
I call spinning spice
through my lips
“Come with me to bed,”
I suggestively trace
the words through his fur
my breath upturning
the orange tufts
as he stretches.
A meow like the twang
of juice following coffee,
during a late Sunday breakfast.
I trust my cat
our battles
of scratches and bites,
the disappointment,
that he was mangey
and stole my steak
growling and smelling
like cat piss
while I tried on hands and knees
to get it back.
Those days are past us
like an old married couple
we respect one another
with space
and a little seduction.



Sharon Olds

LOSING MY HUSBAND'S GRAND-MOTHER

Walking across the night meadow,
sky soft as fur, we follow
the snowy leading of a path white
as bread. We hold hands. No one
hovers above us. No one follows.
The trees stand in constant shocked
sleep. The snow prints its hot
crystals on our wet cheeks.
The sky is like a grey bear.
But no one is there. We hold hands
hard in mittens.

Elsewhere the raw witch of death
has thrown our queen into the oven.
We walk close together in the mist
like Hansel and Gretel. Suddenly our house
shines ahead like no gingerbread cottage
but white as the headstone we face, and the windows
glow like oven doors — no matter
how we go together tight
we clutch the hand the body the fire
burns within us consumes us every
moment our children their children their children
and the house
rears up like a huge
birthday cake of death. There is
nothing left to say but sink
down in the snow feathers and melt
our bodies together like wax and fire
and subside
and subside
and subside
and subside
slowly like that.

Cindy Brafman

LOVE IN SHORT BREATHS

for Jack

You blow fish inside my mouth
I feed you bubbles with my tongue

I hold to your breath
And to your body my breath

This will be our time below the surface
When love sounds so much better than the word

This will be our time to love
Against the constant pull upward

The desire to drown words under water
To go down

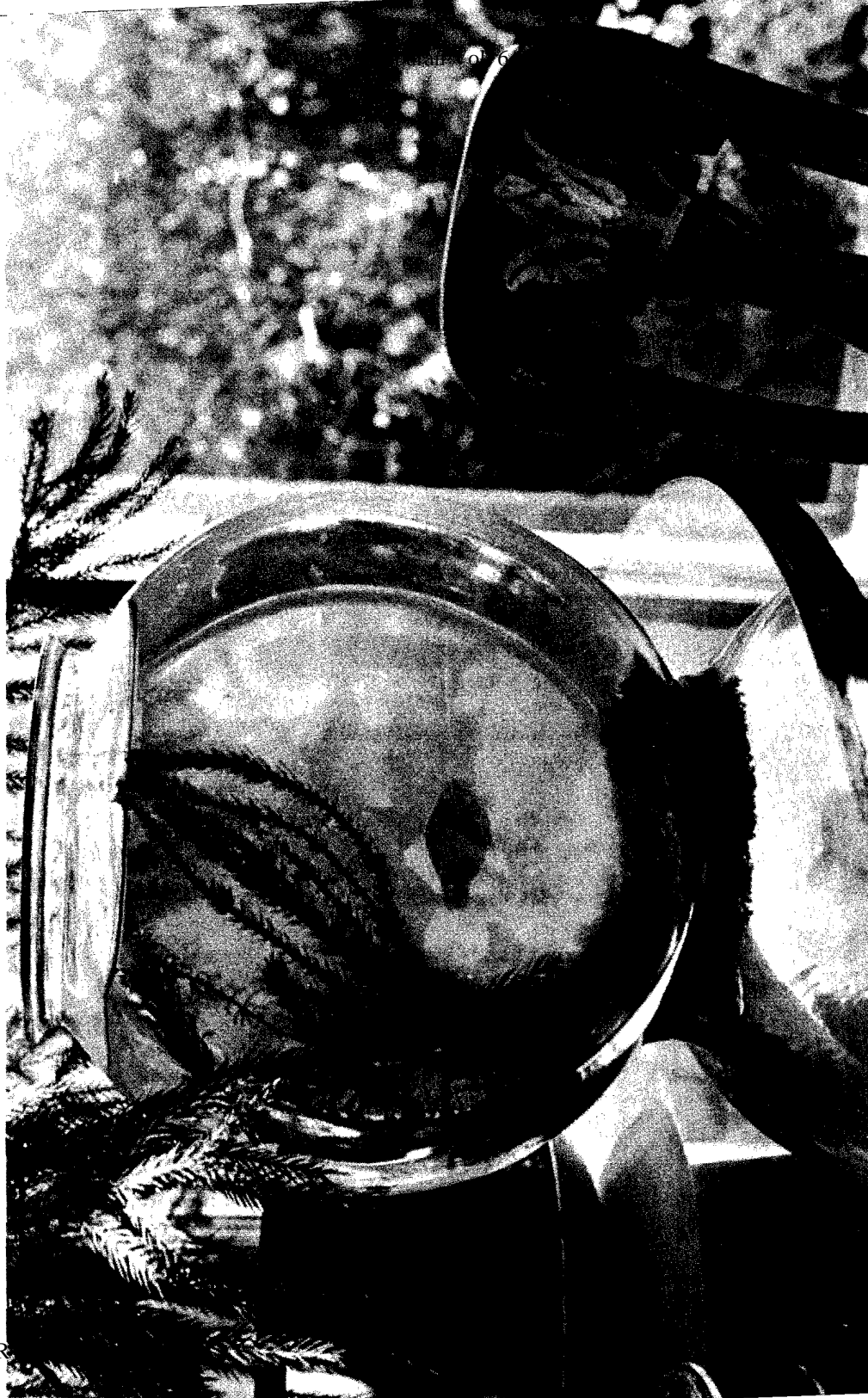
Once twice
I beckon you beckon

We know each other mostly in these pauses

I dream your hands
Push far into my body

Where my lungs are the most full
It is here that we speak

Here we waken



King J. Weyant

THE TRAPPER

As the boy Benjamin James became older, the river grew in its importance to him. At ten he began sneaking down to the marshy shore to explore the many exciting things he found there, and to skip rocks across the Hudson's surface.

Then at twelve, he set his first trap line. On the first day of that winter's trapping season, Uncle Tony carefully showed Boo how to cook the traps in the huge, ancient pot that was half filled with water and set atop a glowing fire. As the water came to a boil, the leaves, twigs, and dirt Uncle Tony had added turned the churning water's color to a rich brown; the different items of mulch rushing to the top and then diving again for the bottom.

Soon, after the ingredients began to decompose, Uncle Tony added the small No. 0 and No. 1 traps. "You never use those with the teeth, Boo," Uncle Tony had said, "a rat will always bite his foot off if given the chance, the toothed ones only help him along."

The traps were cooked until they assumed the color of the water, then dipped into the bucket of melted parafin Uncle Tony had set at the fire's side. Then they were hung on the branches of surrounding trees to dry. Uncle Tony was always careful to cover even the ring of the trap's chain to keep it from rusting. "There," he said as he hung the last trap, "now all we have to do is set them out."

Boo slept at Uncle Tony's house that night. He dreamt of Davy Crockett's coon skin cap and Paul Bunyon's great ox drinking the river dry. He knew all the muskrats would leave if this happened.

He was already awake at five when Uncle Tony quietly entered the room. Boo stared up at the man standing in his quilted underwear next to the bed.

"Well, trapper, ready to go?" the man asked.

"Soon as I go to the bathroom," Boo whispered.

King J. Weyant

The Trapper

The night before he had decided to remember to go before they left. Then he would not have to interrupt their important business, and Uncle Tony would not think him too small a child.

As the first lights of dawn rose over the Connecticut mountains, the man and the boy entered the marsh. Uncle Tony carried the heavy burlap bag of traps over his shoulder. In his other hand he carried a small axe to hammer pegs into the frozen ground. Boo liked the sound their boots made as they walked through the snow and cattails. He carried the remaining five carrots that would be used for bait. There had been six, but he and Uncle Tony had shared one on the way down the hill.

By 7:30 they had a trapline of over thirty sets winding along the marsh's two canals. Uncle Tony had set the first three or four, then patiently coached Boo through the next half dozen. They were careful to set the traps so the rats would be sure to drown when the tide came in, and also far enough away from their houses to be legal. "Always got to keep on the right side of the game warden," Uncle Tony cautioned. Boo noticed that Uncle Tony spoke in the same hushed tone he had used in the sleeping house.

"Now remember, Boo, it's important to check your line every morning before you go to school," Uncle Tony said as they left the swamp and began the climb home. "I'll go with you tomorrow and help you skin and stretch anything you get tonight, but after that they're your responsibility."

The next morning, Sunday, Boo was waiting on Uncle Tony's steps as he drove in from the pre-dawn Fisherman's mass. Boo was certain the tide would have returned before Uncle Tony had changed from his suit, but all was well as they arrived at the first set. "Nothing there," Uncle Tony murmured, "No sign of activity either," he added, pointing to the smooth snow. Boo said a short silent prayer that the other sets would show at least the tracks of the evasive muskrat.

King J. Weyant

The Trapper

When they had finished they had found seven snapped traps, two feet and four drowned rats. "Not bad for our first day," Uncle Tony said as they entered the garage to his house. "Should we eat breakfast first or skin them out?" he asked, already knowing Boos' reply.

"I'm not too hungry yet, how about if we make us some peanut butter sandwiches and eat 'em as we're working?"

"At nine o'clock in the morning?" Uncle Tony laughed.

They spent the rest of the morning carefully separating the rats' hides from their carcass' with the small-bladed sharp knives Uncle Tony supplied. Boo watched Uncle Tony carefully run the knife down the inside of the first rat's legs, then gently pull the hide over its head, delicately paring the skin from the body. When he finished this, Uncle Tony took a 1/8th inch stretching board from the stack on the bench and pulled the inside-out hide over its V shape until it was taut. "Hand me a few of those brads," he said, holding the stretched hide tight with one hand as he picked up a tack hammer with the other. "One down, three to go," he said after he had painstakingly tacked the hide to the bottom of the board. "Now all we have to do is flesh it."

Boo took the next rat from the sack on the floor and slowly mimicked what he had seen Uncle Tony do. Twice he punctured the still soft skin, but finally he pulled it over the animal's head.

Soon all four pelts leaned against the wall. "Now we got to flesh them," Uncle Tony said as he took the first pelt in his hand. In the other he held a kitchen soup spoon at an angle next to the hide. "All you do is firmly scrape the excess fat and stuff from the pelt like this," he said, showing Boo how it was done. Boo took his spoon and copied the motion on another pelt. "Be careful to get it all off now," Uncle Tony warned, still in the soft voice that Boo would now always associate with the wild.

King J. Weyant

The Trapper

Boo trapped every year after that until he went away to the Army. One night, as he sat drunk in the choking wet December heat of a Saigon bar, he thought of muskrat trapping and Uncle Tony. Automatically he remembered Uncle Tony's whisper, the smell of the worn burlap sack and the soft feel of the freshly skinned pelts. Now that Boo was a man, he often likened that feel to that of a woman. He had once tried to explain it to a prostitute, but she only thought he was mocking her, and he was saddened.

Jo Makowski

I saw your exotic Swiss Chocolate eyes
peering from the covers
hair of full russet sweeping your old childhood
camp blanket and
your cinnamon toasted skin.
My feet twittered upon the sun whisked
pavement and I wore the
grinny face you helped me to find amongst the
cluttered ashy
grime in the corners of my life —
like the Halloween masks we spooked with round
corners of the aisles in
the supermarket, and how we played dress-ups
children all night
fresh from showers and box-step tunes.
Now secure in a slanted ceilinged room
I watch you dance and laugh;
each movement beaming to a threshold of thoughts
leaping over
each tomorrow riddled with snags.

Wendy Goodman

GLASS JARS

In my mother's room
walls straight and heavy
contain quiet talks
of years before
a deep voice, stagnant
another rises
the tones continue
without blending
in the night shadows.
Bedroom slippers
like sandpaper, shuffle
on her floor.
from closet to bathroom,
then a moment
my eyes widen
ears waiting,
sheets swell and wake
as if ocean waves,
Mother is settled
coverings sag
and she lies straight in her cocoon,
like a child's balloon
collapsed,
abandoned on the ground.

VerKuilen Ager

THE PLAINS OF SHONAI

Family temples of the clans
gather lichen on steep roofs

White stuck to grey reflects
in the pool of the plain

rotten snows shrinking
from slopes of Mount Yodano

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

Jan Long is a previous poetry editor of *Aldebaran*. One of the few people who can use the moon and get away with it. She writes from Newport, R. I.

Cliff Saunders is a mechanic and professional golf caddy. He has been published in many small press magazines, plus George Garrett's "*Intro*" series put out by Doubleday. He has recently submitted a manuscript for publication, we wish him luck.

Robin Boyd's photography has made front cover of *Aldebaran* (see last 2 issues). Her dreams frequent Quebec City.

James Lee Burke writes about his story "It's on the light side of the news, but I believe it has its serious point as well. (Included is a S.A.S.E.)" He has published three novels *Half of Paradise* (Houghton Muffin) *To the Bright and Shining Sun* (Scribner's) and *Lay Down My Sword and Shield* (Thomas Y. Crowell). He writes from Miami, Florida.

Gus Hemenway is an escape to fresh air coffee aromas and fresh caught trout for breakfast. He is a junior at R.W.C. and when he graduates will probably continue his writing from a tent.

Shari Berkowitz is a former student of R.W.C. She is a forerunner in the Cat vs. Dog debate at cocktail parties. We don't know whether it's "9 Lives" or "Purina."

Sharon Olds . . . it's spring, it's spring, it's spring! (R.W.C. student)

Cindy Brafman is a former active member of *Aldebaran*. She lives, loves, works and writes in New Jersey.

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES (continued)

Jim Weyant lives in a loft on a fisherman's wharf in Newport's dregs . . . no wonder he writes so well. (In case he moves out there is a long waiting list!)

Jo Makowski writes behind her library counter at R.W.C.

Wendy Goodman is a senior R.W.C. student. She lives and writes here and in Maine.

VerKuilen Ager is a former student and poetry editor; drove a yellow Volkswagen and drank lots of beer. He is now married and lives back home in Rochester, New York.

Poetry Staff

Martha Christina

Al DeRaimo

Mil Kinsella

Adrienne Maher

Fiction Staff

Sheila McElroy

Joseph W. Merola

David Pallotta

Art

Paul Hofmann

Cover Lithograph

Carol Lindahl

Back Cover Photo

Joe daCruz

Contributor Notes

Adrienne Maher

Advisor

Robert L. McRoberts

